GREAT RAILWAY ADVENTURES

ADVENTURE 5

JOURNEY OF THE JUPITER

BY LIN OLIVER ILLUSTRATED BY BILL DODGE

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ADVENTURE 5
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LIONEL
AMERICAN LEGEND

For the wonderful Berger children—
Nicky, Benjamin, Jenna, and, of course,
Chappy. —L.O.

To Erin, Keri, and Corinne, who keep the
fun on track. —B.D.

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GREAT RAILWAY ADVENTURES BOOKS
ARE IN MEMORY OF
MURRAY SCHRAMM
GREAT FRIEND AND MENTOR

There were three things Chappy loved best in the world—food, fetching sticks, and Nick O'Leary.

Every afternoon, Chappy followed Nick to the stream that ran through the small town of Reno where they lived. Nick tossed sticks, and Chappy leapt high into the air to catch them. Chappy would wag his tail and sniff at Nick's pockets until he found the treat Nick had hidden for him. It was a good life for a boy and his dog.

Then one day it all changed.

"We're moving to California," Mr. O'Leary said as the family ate their Sunday morning breakfast of eggs and biscuits. "I'm taking a job as the telegraph operator at the train station in Sacramento."

Nick dropped his fork in surprise. He had lived his whole life in Reno, and suddenly he was moving to the big city.

"I think we'll like Sacramento," Mr. O'Leary said.

"Mento!" squealed Nick's sister Jenna, tossing a biscuit over the side of her high chair. Chappy, always on the lookout for food, caught the biscuit and gulped it down.

"Chappy, you're going to have to stop that," Nick said. "You don't want the dogs in Sacramento to think you have bad table manners!"

"I'm afraid we can't take Chappy with us," said Mr. O'Leary.

"We don't even know where we're going to live yet," explained Nick's mother. "Perhaps once we get settled, we can send for Chappy."

Nick looked at his dog, who was happily sniffing for crumbs on the floor. He and Chappy had never been apart. Nick's eyes welled up with tears.

The day the O'Learys were to leave, they brought Chappy to the train station. Nick had packed Chappy's brush and bowl and favorite stick to give to Fergie Ferguson. Fergie was the stationmaster of the Reno train depot. He had agreed to look after Chappy.

"Don't you worry about Chaps," Fergie told Nick. "I've raised six children, a goat, and three ornery cats. I can surely take care of this tail-wagger here."

Nick scratched Chappy on the belly.

"This is where he likes to be scratched," he explained to Fergie. "He loves to play catch, and he hates to get a bath, and he'll eat anything that doesn't eat him first—except lima beans."

Nick's instructions were drowned out by the blast of a steam whistle. The train was coming into the station, and what a train it was!

The Jupiter was the finest locomotive on the Central Pacific Railroad. It was a beauty, too, with red wheels and shining trim that sparkled like a brass marching band.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor.

"Good-bye, Chappy," Nick whispered. He gave Chappy one last hug and turned to board the train. Chappy followed him.

Nick looked into Chappy's golden eyes. "You have to stay here, fella," he said. Chappy whimpered softly.

Nick got Chappy's stick and threw it across the yard. Chappy ran after it. As Nick hurried aboard the Jupiter, the last thing he saw was Chappy leaping high into the air to catch the stick, just like always.

Nick took a seat by a window and watched as Reno faded into the distance. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a rock he had taken from the stream the day before. It shimmered with the purple-blue color of silver ore. Fighting back tears, Nick held the smooth rock tightly in his hand. It was hard to leave home, and hardest of all to leave Chappy.

The Jupiter picked up speed. Nick stared with wonder as they approached the towering Sierra Nevada mountains. His heart raced as they wound through tunnels blasted from thick granite walls. He held his breath as they inched across narrow trestles that looked down into rocky canyons.

When the Jupiter reached the Donner Pass and began to climb toward the summit, the weather grew cold. Snow covered the ground.

Nick pressed his face against the frosty window. Looking out, he remembered how Chappy loved to fetch snowballs, even though they always broke apart in his mouth. Nick smiled. He wondered what Chappy was doing now.

When the Jupiter pulled into the Sacramento station, Nick felt as if he had landed in another world. The city was crowded with new faces, sights, and smells.

"Big!" Jenna said, pointing to the huge train station, bustling with people.

"Big!" she squealed as they walked by a grand hotel on Front Street.

"Big!" she giggled, pointing to the long beard of an old prospector.

They passed a house where a Chinese family was cooking delicious-smelling vegetables. Nick thought of Chappy. His nose would be very busy here.

The O'Learys moved into a small house with another railroad family. Mr. O'Leary worked long hours at the train station, operating the telegraph. Nick liked his new school, but he missed going to the river to play with Chappy. When school was out, he would walk to the station with a hot meal for his father. Wherever he went, he carried the purple-blue rock from Nevada in his pocket. It reminded him of home.

Often, Mr. O'Leary let Nick stay late in the telegraph office to do his schoolwork. On one of those nights, Nick took out a sheet of paper and wrote a letter. It said:

Nick put the letter in an envelope, addressed it to "Chappy O'Leary, Reno, Nevada," and dropped it in the mailbox at the station.

The next day, the Jupiter arrived in Reno from Sacramento. As always, Benjamin Harris, the mail clerk on the Jupiter, delivered the mail to Fergie.

"Here's a letter with no address," he called. "It's made out to a Chappy O'Leary in Reno. Do you know him?"

"Know him well," Fergie answered. "In fact, he happens to be asleep under my desk right now."

"Must be a strange fellow," said Benjamin.

Fergie whistled for Chappy, who came running from the office.

"Hey, Chaps, you got yourself a letter," he said.

Fergie opened the envelope and took out the letter from Nick. Chappy sniffed it. He stuck his nose inside the envelope and sniffed that, too. His tail wagged wildly.

"That's right. It's from Nick," said Fergie. "You got a good nose on you, Chaps. You're one smart dog."

Chappy followed the scent into the mail car and directly to the pigeonhole where Nick's letter had been. He stuck his nose into the slot and sniffed. He barked and whimpered, then ran in circles around the mail car. He jumped on Benjamin and licked him all over his face.

"Hey, big fella, what's that for?" Benjamin said, laughing. "I didn't do anything."

But Benjamin Harris had done more than he would ever know. He had shown Chappy that Nick hadn't disappeared off the face of the earth. Nick was somewhere out there, and maybe—just maybe—the Jupiter could help Chappy find him.

The next time the Jupiter came through Reno, Chappy was on the platform, waiting. He tried to jump on board and almost knocked the conductor down.

"No dogs are allowed on the train," the conductor said, taking Chappy back to Fergie. "You know the rules."

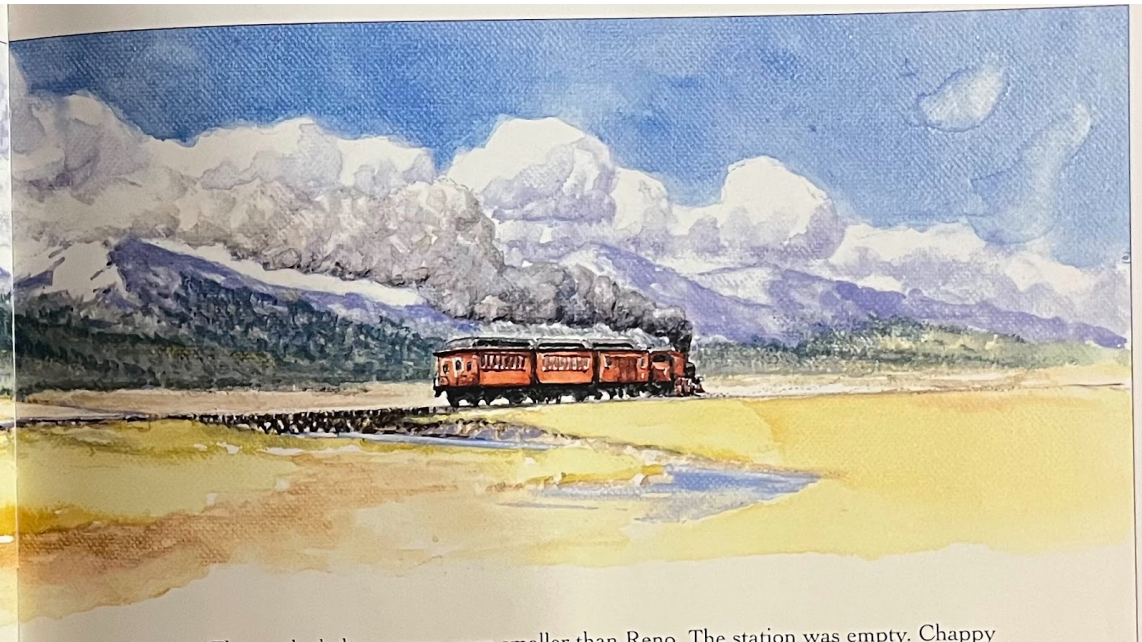
"I don't know what's got into Chaps," said Fergie. "Ever since the Jupiter came through last week, he's been pacing and whining and sniffing these tracks like they were made out of steak."

Chappy watched the Jupiter pull out of the station. His eyes followed the train as it headed out of town. Suddenly he bolted onto the track and took off after the train.

"Chappy!" yelled Fergie. "Stop!"

Chappy didn't stop. He raced after the Jupiter, dashing across the yard, over the bridge, and out into the desert.

Chappy ran along the tracks as fast as his legs could go. For a while he could see the train getting bigger. He was catching up! But soon the train got smaller, then disappeared from sight. The countryside stretched out on all sides, quiet except for the sound of the train in the distance. Chappy was breathing hard. He was very thirsty.



The tracks led to a town even smaller than Reno. The station was empty. Chappy was hot and tired. His paws were sore. He wanted to lie down and rest, but he didn't. He began to run again, still following the path of the Jupiter.

Some hours later, a girl named Wah Lin Chu waited at the train station in the town of Truckee, twenty miles from Reno. She and her mother had come from China to join her father, who worked on the railroads. Now his job was over, and they were moving to Sacramento so her father could find new work.

As she watched the Jupiter pull in, Wah Lin felt frightened. It had been hard to leave China. Everything was so different in America. Now she was going on the train to a big American city, and everything would be different again. Her father had told her to be brave, but it was difficult.

Then Wah Lin saw him—the golden-eyed dog limping along the tracks toward the station. Her heart went out to him. She wondered where he was headed. Was he like her, going to a new place and feeling frightened?

Wah Lin whistled, and Chappy turned toward the friendly sound. His tail wagged. He came to her, and she gave him water from the pump. He drank happily from her hands. Wah Lin stroked his head until it was time to board the train.

The Jupiter left Truckee and continued its slow climb into the Sierra Nevada mountains. As the train went higher, the wind blew colder. Wah Lin wanted to get out of the crowded passenger car and breathe the cold, clean air. Her father said she could stand on the back platform for a while.

Wah Lin stepped outside and looked around. Ahead she saw a high trestle suspended over a deep, jagged canyon. It was an amazing sight. Then she looked behind her and saw something even more amazing. It was Chappy, his head bent into the howling wind, struggling along the tracks.

Wah Lin looked at the narrow trestle ahead and then back at Chappy. All it would take was one false step and he would fall. It was a long way to the bottom.

Wah Lin whistled. Chappy's ears stood straight up. She whistled again. This time, Chappy saw her. He ran faster, trying to catch up to her. He was panting hard.

The Jupiter started across the trestle. Wah Lin looked down into the deep gorge and shivered with fear. Chappy had to jump onto the train, and he had to jump now!

Wah Lin stretched out her arms and called to Chappy. At the sound of her voice, he gathered his last bit of strength and leapt, just like he used to do when Nick threw sticks for him. Wah Lin held her breath as Chappy sailed through the air. The next moment he was on the platform, safe in her arms. She could feel his heart pounding. Wah Lin smiled, and Chappy licked her face all over.

The conductor, who had been watching from inside, burst through the door. "I know that dog," he said. "He's from Reno! I can't believe he followed the train all the way here. That's incredible!"

The conductor was so impressed with Chappy's amazing journey that he made an exception to his "No Dogs" rule. As a special reward, he let Chappy ride up front, next to the engineer.

Chappy hung his nose out of the Jupiter's cabin and took in the sights and smells of California. Wah Lin sat right beside him, smiling as the Jupiter sped down the mountain toward her new home.

When the Jupiter pulled into the Sacramento station, Nick, his mother, and Jenna had just arrived with Mr. O'Leary's supper.

Jenna looked up as the train ground to a stop.

"Chappy!" she squealed.

"Chappy is in Reno," said Nick. "Remember?"

"No, Nicky!" said Jenna, pointing to the Jupiter. "Chappy choo-choo."

Nick turned around. He couldn't believe his eyes. "Chappy!" he yelled.

Chappy bounded over to Nick, almost knocking him down. Nick hugged his big brown dog until his arms hurt.

The conductor told Nick how Wah Lin had helped save Chappy. Nick smiled at her, then took out the purple-blue rock he always carried in his pocket. It had been the only reminder he had of home. Now he had Chappy.

"I brought this for good luck," he said. "I want you to have it now."

Nick put the rock in Wah Lin's hand. She looked at it and grinned. Then she bowed at Nick, and he bowed, too.

As for Chappy, he didn't see any of this. He was busy eating Mr. O'Leary's supper of pot roast and mashed potatoes.

JOURNEY OF THE JUPITER

THE JOURNEY OF THE REAL JUPITER

The story you have just read is fiction. That means that the account of a dog who followed the Jupiter a long, long way is made up. But the Jupiter locomotive is not made up.

The real Jupiter ran in America from 1869 to about 1909. You can see it in this photograph, on the left. This picture was taken on May 10, 1869, at Promontory Summit, Utah. That was the day a ceremony was held celebrating the completion of the railroad that went across America from one coast to the other. It was called the transcontinental railroad, and it helped connect the United States of America in a new way.

At the ceremony, a big spike, or nail, made of gold was to be driven into the ground where two sets of railroad tracks—those from the east and those from the west—joined up. More than 600 people came to watch the event, including the Chinese and Irish workers who helped build the railroad.

What this famous photograph *doesn't* show is that, according to some reports, when it came time for the two big officials of the railroad to swing the hammer and pound the golden spike into the ground, they both missed! The photo was taken anyway, and has become one of the best-known pictures in American history.

Photo courtesy of the Central Pacific Railroad Photographic History Museum

Photo courtesy of the Central Pacific Railroad Photographic History Museum

The journey the Jupiter made to get to the Golden Spike ceremony was truly amazing. The huge engine was made on the east coast. Then it was put on a boat in pieces and shipped around the tip of South America to California. This trip took more than four months. The engine was assembled after the ship arrived in San Francisco.

Five days after the Jupiter appeared in the Golden Spike ceremony, rail service began across America. The 3,500-mile trip from coast to coast took four days, four hours, and forty minutes.

The Jupiter continued to haul passengers and freight for forty years. It was a beautiful wood-burning engine that traveled at about 35 miles per hour.

Because it was present at the Golden Spike, the Jupiter remains one of the most famous locomotives in American history.

Great Railway Adventures (Theme)

Words by Pamela Phillips Oland
Music by Thomas Jones Chase and Steve Rucker
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I can hear the rumble, bold as distant thunder
As a hundred tons o' steel roars down the track
Train comes round the horseshoe turn,
  headlights beam
Then it storms into the station with a rush
  of steam

All aboard as we climb inside
And we know that we're in for an exciting ride

CHORUS
  Like a real live version of a Lionel train
  It's the Great Railway Adventures
  There's not a thing to lose
  And the world to gain
  On the Great Railway Adventures

Streakin' through the darkness, whistlin'
  through the tunnel
As we feel the mighty train wheels grab the rails
Signal switcher on the track changes course
For the locomotive lightnin' that's a megaforce

People wave as we zoom on by
And they stop to hear that powerful whistle cry

All aboard as we climb inside
And we know that we're in for an exciting ride

CHORUS

Repeat CHORUS
On the Great Railway
On the Great Railway Adventures

The Hard-Working Men of the Railroad

Words and music by Red Grammer
© 2000 Learning Curve International, Inc.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-two
The country said, okay-o
Wouldn't it be grand to build across the land
The first transcontinental railroad?

So they worked from the east, and they worked
  from the west
Ten thousand men each way-o
And as they cut through the mountains,
  the deserts, and plains
Every ring of the hammer would say-o

CHORUS
  Three strokes to the spike, ten spikes to the rail
  Over and over each day-o
  Till every mile of track was built by the back
  Of the hard-working men of the railroad

Men came from near, they came from far
To work and earn their pay-o
To grade, to blast, and hammer rails fast
To crossties on the right-of-way-o

Out west they pushed up and over the Sierras
Down onto the desert to bake-o
While out east they pushed west from Omaha
On to the great Salt Lake-o

CHORUS

In eighteen hundred and sixty-nine
On the 10th of May-o
They gathered round the Jupiter and 119
Shaking hands and shouting, "Hurray-o"

They posed for pictures while important men
Had important words to say-o
And as they drove the golden spike there
  at Promontory Point
The band began to play-o

CHORUS

Yes, this mighty work was done by each and every one
Of the hard-working men of the railroad

Riding on the Railway

Words and music by Red Grammer
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CHORUS
  I love to go riding on the railway
  Love to go travelin' on the train
  I love to hear the *buff, buff, buff-in'* of the choo-choo
  Let me hear the *whew-ew* whistle again

Standing at the station
I can't wait to hear the rumble and roar
And my favorite invitation—
When the conductor calls out, "All aboard!"

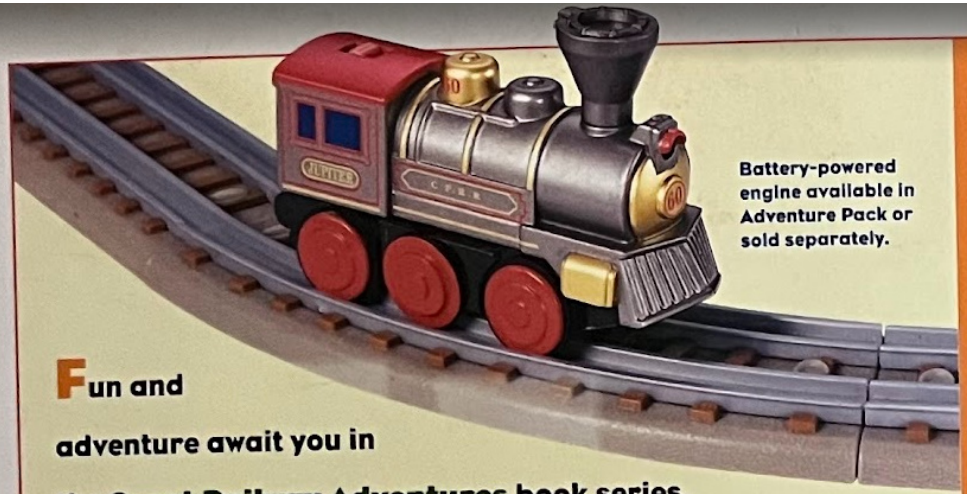
CHORUS

When I hear the rails a-hummin'
I look to see the inbound train
I know that it's a-comin'
Just like a full-blown hurricane

CHORUS

With every clickity-clackity-clickity-clack
The train and the track play out a song
If you listen you can hear the mighty whistle
Singing along, *whew-ew!*

CHORUS



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Fun and adventure await you in the Great Railway Adventures book series.

Nick O'Leary is heartbroken when his family has to leave his hometown—and his beloved dog, Chappy. But Chappy's devotion to his young master leads the brave dog to the Jupiter engine, and on a miraculous journey to find Nick.

LearningCurve™

LIN OLIVER is a children's book author and a leading writer and producer of family television and film. Her most recent project is the screen adaptation of the classic *The Trumpet of the Swan*. She is the cofounder and director of the Society of Children's Book Writers and Illustrators.

BILL DODGE has illustrated numerous classic and contemporary books for children. He studied at the Academy of Traditional Painting of Harold Ranson Stevenson, a student of Norman Rockwell, and currently teaches at the State University of New York, Farmingdale.

LeVar Burton is an accomplished actor who has appeared in many television shows and movies, including Roots and Star Trek: The Next Generation. He is also the host and co-executive producer of the highly acclaimed PBS children's TV series Reading Rainbow. LeVar won a 2000 Grammy Award for Best Spoken Word Album for his recording of "The Autobiography of Martin Luther King, Jr."

Great Railway Adventures!

- 32-page fully illustrated storybook
- Audio cassette includes story narration by LeVar Burton, plus exciting railroad sing-along songs performed by award-winning children's entertainer Red Grammer.

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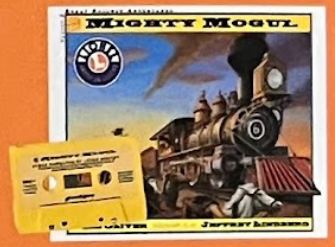

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